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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918

TOMORROW

The robin chants when the thrush is dumb,
Snow smooths a bed for the clover,
Life flames anew, and days to come
Are sweet as the days that are over.

The tide that ebbs by the moon flows back,
Faith builds on the ruins of sorrow,
The halcyon flutters in winter's track,
And night makes way for the morrow.

And ever a strain, of joys the sum,
Sings on in the heart of the lover—
In death sings on—that days to come
Are sweet as the days that are over!

FLORENCE EARLE COATES

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXIV THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1920 NUMBER 19

NEW YEAR—1920

Take all the woe and shame of this dark year,
O Past, with you tonight when you go back
To that grim land which keeps pain's almanac—
The dreadful tale of man's dismay and fear,
Of war and famine, pestilence and greed;
Where wounded men and starving children weep
Through ages long, because earth's masters keep
The systems which destroy the joys men need.

O Time, with gentle fingers touch the soul
Of all, and in it plant the seed of love,
So pity from it bloom and make life whole—
Its boundaries, the earth and heaven above—
That with the cosmic harmony shall move
All folk, with songs of peace to love's last goal.

FRANCIS NEILSON.

The world divides itself into people who can discriminate and people who cannot discriminate. This is the ultimate test of sensitiveness, and sensitiveness alone separates us and unites us.

So writes John Cowper Powys in his interesting book of literary criticism entitled "Suspended Judgments." That the world thus divided itself at the time that this statement was written, is undoubtedly true; but it is now true no longer. The fine art of discrimination was destroyed by the War, and it will be years, perhaps generations, before it is recovered. There was a time when we were sensitive to the temperaments, motives, purposes, ideals, which dictate the opinion and conduct of our fellow-men; and this sensitiveness enabled us to discriminate with nice gradations of moral judgment between one individual and another. Today we are sensitive to nothing but our own prejudices and fears, and thus oblivious to everything but our own personal reactions. This means that we group everybody who chances for any reason to disagree with us, into a single class—label this class with a hated name—and then cast it from us, like trapped rats cast into a pond. To be able to see that a pacifist is not necessarily a pro-German, that opposition to intervention in Russia does not involve unqualified acceptance of Bolshevism, that hostility to the Paris Covenant not only does not mean hostility to a league of nations, but is actually founded on acceptance of that great ideal—all this has now become impossible. And yet it is just this which is essential to any just estimate of our fellows. Without discrimination on the basis of knowledge not of ourselves but of others, we have simply "lynch law"—the moral murder of men without trial of purpose, motive or fact. It is certain that we shall have no perfect justice until we are able to act upon Jesus's commandment, "Judge not." But until that happy time is reached, we should guard as our very life that capacity of discrimination which enables us to look upon a fellow-being with the eyes of his intent and not of our expectation.

Little by little we are beginning to find out the truth about Russia—and by the same method that we find out the truth about any disputed period of history in the past. We gather such first-hand testimony as may be available, check up the reliability of the sources by balancing witness against witness, ponder the element of motive for honesty or dishonesty in each particular case, and then accept what seems to be the consensus of unbiased opinion. The remarkable thing about Russia, during the last two years, is the large number of men and women who have looked upon the revolution with very different eyes, and then, without any consultation with one another, have come back and told to us almost identically the same tale. Tompkins, Robins, Ransome, Humphries, Williams, Beattie, Reed, Pettit, Bullitt, Steffens, Goode, Levine—was there ever a more varied company, and ever a more impressive agreement of independent judgment! If these witnesses were gathered from the dusty archives of some library, as giving testimony upon some epoch long since dead, they would be regarded by all students as presenting information of unrivalled credibility. Even as it is, in this age of savage controversy, they are slowly but surely overcoming the influence of the most gigantic conspiracy of lies ever attempted in the entire history of mankind. Today there is no longer excuse for not knowing the truth about Russia. It is written so that even he who runs may read.

It is useless to try to mince words over the deportations now in full swing here in this country. They constitute a policy so wicked that they should bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of the more than one hundred millions of Americans, for the safety of whom these few hundred obscure aliens are driven to unknown destination over seas. They are so violent a betrayal of the soul of American ideals, that we believe the records of all political offenders now imprisoned for sedition may be searched in vain for any act to compare with them in real offense against the nation. We say these things not because we have any sympathy with the ideas of those deported from our shores. These ideas in most cases we do not

know, as these unhappy men and women have been denied the elementary right guaranteed even to the beastliest murderer, of trial by jury, and thus have never been able to state and explain their opinions; while in the few cases known to us, the ideas are wholly contrary to our long-cherished and deep-rooted convictions. Rather do we say these things because we love America, and feel profound indignation as we see petty and frightened men lay hold upon the refuge she has long offered to the afflicted of mankind, and change it into banishment and exile. Years ago, inspired by the noble tradition of our country, we wrote a hymn, in which occurred the stanza—

America triumphant!
New shrine of pilgrim feet,
The poor and lost and hunted
Before thine altars meet;
From sword of Tsar and Sultan,
From ban of priest and peer,
To thee o'er trackless waters,
They come in hope and fear.

We are dismayed as we discover that this tribute to America is no longer true—nay, that we are now wielding the sword and hurling the ban, and there with ourselves driving refugees "o'er trackless waters." It is an unimaginable thing, and we find it difficult to feel compassion for the bureaucrats responsible.

The deportations, as we have said, are wicked; but they are more than this. They are also stupid. Are our Washington officials wholly ignorant of the historical experience and the social philosophy which teaches that, while men may be exported, ideas may not? Do they never think that, for every one man banished by this act of tyranny, a dozen aliens are made to see and feel "red," and a hundred native citizens converted to radicalism? If the powers-that-be were deliberately seeking to cultivate the most extreme opinions and the most dangerous methods of revolt, they could not fashion a policy better calculated to achieve these ends. "Let the present reign of terror go on another six months," said a member of the Committee of 48, "and we'll have a third party next fall that will sweep the nation." Our liberals and radicals need not worry, or even labor unduly. The opposition is doing their work for them. Never were truer words spoken than in that ancient saying—"Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad!"

We hear much of oppression in Ireland, Egypt, India; but there are British possessions nearer home where tyranny is wreaking its vengeance upon the people. Thus, private sources of information bring us the word that in Jamaica dreadful things are taking place. A strike among the firemen and engine-drivers (all natives) of the Jamaica Government Railway was followed by a strike of the longshoremen, and disturbances in Kingston among dissatisfied soldiers returned from the front in France. A West India regiment, ordered out to suppress the troubles, refused to act, and threatened to shoot the English officers if they opened fire on the rioters. Then came the landing of marines from a British man-of-war, armed with machine guns, and bombardment of the city. The same thing happened in Trinidad a little later. Now comes the introduction of bills into the Legislative Councils, prescribing the most brutal forms of punishment for all natives associated with radical movements or having radical literature on their persons. It is evident that here, as elsewhere in the Empire, British Imperialism is in the saddle, and is prepared to suppress the outbreaks and revolts, for which its own rule is responsible, with ruthless power. Repression, rebellion, fiercer repression, riots and assassinations—thus the hideous round goes on, with nothing gained but hatred and death! God speed the day when the triumph of the British Labor Party will end this cruel tory rule, and bring freedom to all these struggling peoples who seek release from the tyranny which binds them.

Still the melancholy tale of the decline of our denominational churches goes on. The Presbyterians are now the ones to discover—and, to their credit be it said, to admit—that they are steadily losing ground. In the year just closed, for example, they have lost nearly 29,000 members; and their total membership is now a thousand less than it was two years ago. The *Continent* finds comfort in the thought that "the decrease corresponds to the simultaneous experiences of other church bodies in our country"—but this, after all, is rather cold and cruel comfort. For if the decline "cannot be regarded as a sign of unhealth peculiar to Presbyterianism," as the *Continent* quite rightly affirms, it must be because it is the larger body of Protestantism itself that is ill! That this is the case, no honest and observing person can deny. The churches are organized not for religious but for sectarian purposes. They are seeking the salvation not of the world but of themselves. In the very time which was to witness that great spiritual revival which was to follow the War, we see nothing but a frenzied rattling of the dry bones of denominationalism. "Can these bones live?" was the inquiry which came to the prophet of old. And the prophet answered of the Lord, and the bones revived. But where are the prophets to give answer this day, and breathe upon the bones that now we know?

At last John Drinkwater's remarkable drama, "Abraham Lincoln," has been brought across the Atlantic, and produced in New York! And here, exactly as in London, it is producing an impression which seems to be altogether out of proportion to anything that can be found within the play itself. One reads the printed page with irritation at the historical anachron-

isms, with amusement at the author's failure to learn and use the American vernacular, with only mild interest in the unfolding panorama of the tale. Over all, however, there is the conviction that Drinkwater has caught and reproduced many of the salient charteristics of the martyr-President; and it is this which seems to be overwhelmingly heightened by production on the stage. The triumph of the play is the triumph of Abraham Lincoln—evidence afresh of his mystic hold upon the hearts of all men everywhere. Perhaps John Drinkwater's greatest service is in having avoided the temptation to write great drama, and thus in having left the majestic Lincoln tradition free to work its own divine spell. It is interesting to note that the inspiration of this play was derived from Lord Charnwood's superb biography of Abraham Lincoln. Thus have two Englishmen served to restore to us Americans the greatest of all our historical figures!

Recent changes in the field of review journalism are important. The *Public,* useful through many years, has been unable to survive its support of the Wilson administration, and the withdrawal of its founder and former editor, Louis F. Post, into the ranks of reaction. The *Dial* announces its retirement from the stormy waters of political and economic discussion into the quieter haven of literary criticism. To take the place of these papers, we have the new *Socialist Review,* a monthly published by the Intercollegiate Socialist Society; and the promise of a new weekly, the *Freeman,* published by Huebsch, and edited by our colleague, Francis Neilson, and Albert J. Nock. Still active, and apparently growing in strength, are the *Nation,* the *New Republic,* the *Survey,* the *World Tomorrow,* the *Liberator,* and *Reconstruction.* In answer to the oft-repeated question, What can I do to help the cause of freedom and democracy in America, we would answer, among other things, support these journals! In the present corrupt condition of our newspapers, these are the only papers that we have, to give us honest news and expert, unbiased opinion. To read these journals ourselves, and to commend them to others, is the duty of every liberal in this country.

A Prophet Speaks

It is difficult to express the relief we feel at discovering that there is at least one great churchman in this country who has the vision to see the meaning of the denominational "drives" for million-dollar funds, which have become an obsession with our Protestant church organizations these days, and the courage to denounce these "drives" for what they are as abominable betrayals of religion. For months, now, the great denominational machines have been putting through their campaigns for funds of staggering proportions. The energies of the churches have been deliberately diverted from every interest but that of money-raising at any cost of bribery and extortion. Appeals for contributions have been unblushingly based on the lowest considerations of self-interest. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been wantonly expended on newspaper advertisements, circularization schemes, office expenses. Ministers have been herded like so many sheep by the loud barking of executive and financial committees, to the petty business of passing the hat and holding the collection plate. And not a word has been spoken in protest! On the contrary, clerical and lay officials have vied with one another in urging on the campaigners. Religious journals, characteristically confusing Mammon with Christ, have talked loudly of the revival of religion. Even the ministers, as though they enjoyed being ordered round to their work as beggars, have added their piping treble to the clamor of enthusiasm. But now at last a voice is raised in protest—and a voice that all must heed. Dr. George A. Gordon, of the Old South Church, Boston, is no carping critic, or easy sensationalist. He speaks from no light motive, or ill-digested thought. His words of wrath are spoken at rare intervals, and only when he is profoundly moved. Hence the significance of the scathing denunciation of the Congregationalist "drive" for $50,000,000, and incidentally of all such church "drives," which he poured forth from his pulpit on December 7th last! In withholding his approval of the scheme, Dr. Gordon denounced it as the "boldest and most ruthless piece of autocracy that (he) had ever known."

"I confess," he said, "that I am appalled by the magnitude of this scheme, by the secrecy with which it has been devised, by the utter disregard shown for the judgment of the ministers and laymen on whom the burden would fall, . . . by the peril to organized religion among us, if the church is looked upon mainly as the subject of enormous irresponsible taxation, and not supremely as a place of moral influence and spiritual power."

In considering what Dr. Gordon characterizes as this "wildcat campaigning by ecclesiastics," it may be well to note the history that lies behind it. All during the War, we were told with endless reiteration, by orthodox experts on the subject, that the conflict of arms was certain to be followed by a great and world-wide revival of religion. Just how the slaughter of millions of soldiers on the battlefield, and the starvation of more millions of non-combatants in the home sectors, was going to bring about a vast spiritual awakening, seemed as deep a mystery as that involved in the parallel expectation that the most cruel struggle known to human experience was going to prepare the way for the establishment of a durable peace. But those who foresaw the coming of the wonderful day of regeneration at the close of the War, were those who must be supposed to know, and therefore men believed, and found in the promise

of war's aftermath some consolation for the horrors of war's then present reality.

In November came the Armistice, and the practical conclusion of hostilities. The time for the fulfillment of prophecy was at hand, and eagerly men waited for the appearance of those first incoming ripples which would indicate that the tide was moving to the flood. Like the Millerites of an earlier day who arrayed themselves in white robes, and mounted house-tops, in momentary expectation of the end of the world, we stood ready to receive this new world of awakened religious life. We swept and garnished our churches in preparation for the multitudes who were to enter. We formulated programs for the utilization of the fresh spiritual energy which we felt sure would come pouring in upon us. We dreamed our dreams and saw our visions of the wonders of this long-anticipated dispensation. But the days passed by, the weeks developed into months—and nothing happened! When at last we abandoned our mood of expectation and looked about us, we discovered that the churches were emptier than they had been before the War, that ministers were never before so scarce, that returning soldiers showed no slightest indication of spiritual change, that public interest in religion was never so low, or faith in ideal things so weak. The promised revival of religion simply did not arrive on schedule time, and even now at this late hour has not appeared! The churches had sacrificed everything to this hope. They had lashed themselves to the chariot-wheels of war—stripped themselves naked of every spiritual adornment. Without a quiver they had abandoned Christ for Cæsar, taken the word in place of the cross, substituted the mandates of the state for the commandments of God, pledged first and last service to patriotism instead of religion. And to what avail? The people were as indifferent as they had ever been, the shining altars as lonely and deserted—even the soldiers had no gratitude for institutions which had sustained the War unfalteringly from the beginning.

It was when the last hope of this anticipated spiritual revival had faded away, that denominational officials were reminded of that famous New York politician who created the great idea of "acceleration." If a political movement does not develop as expected, said this man, get some money and distribute it in those places where it will do the most good! This will "accelerate" a campaign which has come to a full stop, or has never moved at all; and if efficiently done, with sums of money sufficiently abundant, will almost invariably produce the desired results! This happy thought, thus rescued from the annals of New York politics, came as a veritable blessing to the desperate prophets waiting for this religious awakening which never came. Immediately, "drives" for millions were organized, announced and under way. The Presbyterians went out after $100,000,000 and the Episcopalians sought the same glittering amount. The Baptists were more modest with a simple $75,000,000. The Congregationalists must have at least $50,000,000, while the humble Unitarians claim that they will be satisfied with $3,000,000. But they all talk in millions, and all present their gospel program in terms of budgets. If God has failed them, Mammon will not! If the Day of Pentecost will not dawn, it shall be produced!

It is against this utterly demoralizing procedure of our churches that Dr. Gordon has heroically lifted his voice. And as might surely be anticipated in the case of so able a thinker and so true a prophet, he sets forth with unmistakable clarity and power the abomination that is hidden away in these vast financial schemes. He sums it all up when he says:

> All the money in the world by itself cannot save a single soul. All the poverty in the world by itself cannot keep a soul from God. Primarily and everlastingly the church is the creative center of the divine energy that affects the character and transforms the lives of human beings. The money power of the church is secondary, and wholly subordinate. Only as that money power trusts not in itself, but in the grace of the Lord Jesus, and in the Eternal Spirit, will it in any way change for the better the face of human society. The statement of a multi-millionaire made a few years ago in my presence, that the question of the conversion of the world to Christ was after all simply a question of money, I call a superlative blasphemy.

Again,

> To me (this) does not seem to be idealism in any just sense of the word. Idealism is trust in ideas, in the spirit that lives in true ideas, in the power of high character to affect low character and transform it, in the mighty contagion of religious souls. In comparison with this sense of the word, the scheme is materialistic; its confidence is put in the raising of gigantic sums of money, not in the souls of the human beings who are to use these fabulous sums.

This is an almost perfect statement of what is involved spiritually in the existing situation. It is appalling to think that our churches have fallen so low, have reached such an end of their own particular resources, have become so ensnared by the familiar devices of the world, that they can actually believe, and act upon the belief, that money is all things. If you want a spiritual revival, then buy it! If you want to win the world to Christ, then raise a million dollars, and spend it! This sounds exactly like a broker in Wall Street, or a politician in Tammany Hall, but very little like Jesus and his apostles. Money can do a good many things, but it cannot do the work of the spirit. Mammon can no more live in the same world with Christ, than Cæsar. When the church reaches such a point that it knows no way of doing its work except that of raising and expending vast sums of money, after the example of the politician who buys his way into office, then it is spiritually dead, that is all. If we needed final evidence that Protestantism is utterly defunct, we have it abundantly in this last demoralizing chapter of Protestant experience.

But if the worldly reliance of the churches upon

the power of money is appalling, even more appalling is the corresponding blindness of the churches to the power inherent in "pure religion and undefiled." If the churches want a spiritual revival, why not do a really heroic thing, and try practicing religion for a little time. Suppose they loved the people as Jesus loved them, and served their interests as Jesus served them! Suppose they made war on poverty, and disease, and ignorance, instead of apologizing for these evils, and condoning their effects! Suppose they tried as hard to keep nations out of war as to push them into war, and preached non-resistant love even at the price of the cross! Suppose, as Henry Demarest Lloyd put it in his "Man the Social Creator," that the churches did "not let any man offer charity to those to whom it refuses justice" . . . made "every social wrong a moral wrong, and every moral wrong a legal wrong" . . . took "the weak and the despised out of the earthly Inferno of dirt and want and ignorance to which they have been condemned by the oppressor" . . . "worshipped God through all his sons made in his image"! Suppose the churches thus lived and taught and served—do you think that there would be any failure of spiritual revival? Would not even the millions come pouring in, without any "drives"? Let the churches but serve God without cowardice or compromise, and men will not only sustain them. They will *die* for them! Upon such work a Day of Pentecost would follow as surely as such a day did follow upon the labors of the Christ.

What we have in these great ecclesiastical campaigns for funds, is simply the last spasm of dying denominationalism. The money is being gathered—there will be one final orgy of sectarian activity—and then will come the *finis*. At the end of their financial resources, as they are today at the end of their moral and spiritual resources, the churches will be forced to declare themselves bankrupt and wind up their affairs. Dr. Gordon sees this clearly when he says that, if these campaigns go through, "this creative fellowship will break down, its members will be dispersed, and the church will become desolate."

It is a melancholy close to a great epoch. But let it not be forgotten that it is the beginning also of a greater epoch still. For the new forces of religion are already at work, and they are destined to bring forth in due season a fresh, fair democratic faith as much nobler than Protestantism as Protestantism itself was nobler than Catholicism.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Under the new sedition law being supported by Attorney General Palmer a man may be convicted for showing any "hate or revenge toward a government official."

Better start building jails now.—*The Capital Times, Madison, Wis.*

CONTRIBUTED

Europe's New Year's Gift

UNITY has from time to time pointed out to its readers the gravity of the international financial situation, but even they, who have been perhaps better informed than the readers of any other American journal, will learn with surprise that the great English financial authority, Sir George Paish, so often quoted in UNITY, is here in America for the purpose of raising a loan of $13,000,000,000, the amount that he considers necessary to save European governments from bankruptcy, and establish the commercial relations which "the war to save democracy" destroyed. Great Britain, and incidentally Europe, asks for a New Year's gift which is enough to stagger humanity. Of course, we understand now how closely we are allied with the rest of the world's banking and commercial operations. We no longer live in a world apart, and for a great many years to come, for half a century at least, we shall be not only our brother's keeper, we shall have to keep the enemies of our brother and his friends, and assist in every way to put them on their feet again. War is magnificent; it may be full of glory, but it seems to be pretty bad business.

There is already an outstanding account which amounts to nearly $10,000,000,000, the interest on which our debtors cannot pay; indeed they have asked the United States to forego the collection of interest on these loans for a period of five years, and we have no alternative; all we can do is to look generous and assume an acquiescent smile. We may, of course, remark to ourselves that secret diplomacy is expensive, and make plans for the future which will insure our grandchildren against the probabilities of letting our affairs be run by crooked diplomatists, and military and naval experts whose knowledge of such delicate matters as production, commerce, and life, is extremely puerile.

It is not for us to criticize at the moment the details of this loan which Sir George Paish deems essential for the resuscitation of European trade. The fact is we cannot exist without Europe and her markets; we cannot do business with the world at the present rate of exchange. And the only possible chance we have of collecting one cent of the interest on the outstanding debt amounting to $10,000,000,000, is by making new loans to the countries that cannot pay the interest on the old ones. New loans mean more paper, more paper means higher prices, higher prices mean less purchasing-power, less purchasing-power means more discontent, more discontent means more strikes, more "arks," and so on, and so on, round about the vicious circle which the geniuses of our highly developed civilization insist on maintaining, as the best means they can think of for the saving of an utterly rotten economic system, which fosters war, famine, and pestilence.

There is, however, in connection with this suggested loan of $13,000,000,000 a detail which is worth our serious consideration, and it is this: If the United States Government is to underwrite this loan to Europe, will something be done to destroy the terribly wasteful militaristic systems of Great Britain and France? This is an important detail, for the army estimates of Great Britain for the year 1919-20 amount to the gigantic figures of 405,000,000 pounds sterling.

Without taking into consideration the enormous figures of army expenditure in France, the British figures are quite enough to give us pause while we ask ourselves the question, Is any of the money of the loan to be used for bolstering up the military systems of our Allies? If the money of the loan be used for this purpose, have we the right to ask, as the military systems of Germany and Austria are overthrown, who it is that Great Britain and France are arming to fight, whom do they suspect this time? Surely the American tax-payers, who will have to find the products which will make this loan good, have the right to ask simple questions of this nature. There is another one they have a right to ask, and it is this: Why is Great Britain spending gigantic sums upon its military air-services, and over three times as much on its navy as it spent in the colossal year before the last war began? Now that the German navy is no longer a menace to civilization, what navy does Britain regard as a menace to her civilization in this year of grace, 1920? These are vital questions which the tax-payers of the United States can ill-afford to ignore, and they must be considered deeply before we are committed by our financial geniuses to a loan which will jeopardize the commercial future of this country.

There is of course a much simpler way of assisting Europe. A federal tax upon the capital value of all the natural resources of this country, which would net the amount of the loan which Sir George Paish considers necessary to resuscitate and rehabilitate war-stricken Europe, would not seriously affect the production and commerce of this country. We offer this as an alternative. It is for our people to say whether they prefer this way, the sound economic, production stimulating, purchasing-power raising, positive method of dealing with the problem, or attempting the impossible which is to remain within the vicious circle we have already described, only to end in financial and commercial disaster.

FRANCIS NEILSON.

GOD OF THE COMMONPLACE.

(After Evelyn Underhill.)

I come to transfigure the common things,
Saith the Lord:
The Song which My spirit sings
Is the Living Word,
The Song of home, of mart and street.

In all the folds of your life would I rest,
Saith the Lord:
My light leads outward on the path of quest.
I lure you onward
After my pleasure,
To seek deep hidden treasure,
That you may find
Life for your heart, Light for your mind,
And make the commonplace sublime.

I seek not to woo from earthly things
But all your worthy ends to win,
Saith the Lord:
In simple words
I teach you that your loves are not Love
Till touched by a thousand thoughts above
Your wonted ways.
I come to do this
But my Spirit—
To take away
The stony heart out of your flesh
And give you the refreshment of My Rest.

MORTON WOODBRIDGE.

The Tyranny of Liberty

TIME—*A few years before the Russian Revolution.*

SCENE I.

A simple house in Russia; the living room brightened by a shining samovar before the fire; at a table two young men; Stasya, the Russian, who has just finished a course of tutoring with Liova, the Jew.

STASYA. Is it true that they refused you entrance to the university?

LIOVA. Yes, they said that I came just outside the one-tenth of Jews allowed; but they accepted my arithmetic because I put it out under a Russian name. Isn't that a joke on the all-wise university authorities?

STASYA. A joke? It is fine that you take it so good-naturedly, but I call it a disgrace for the authorities to shut out any race. I don't care anything about Jews, but I have found you to be a man.

LIOVA. I never thought that I liked Russians, but you care for the great and beautiful things just as I do.

STASYA. Ah, it is you that have shown me the vision of Liberty. Liova, let us be brothers bound together by our devotion to the Lady Liberty. Do you know about Saint Francis? (Liova shakes his head.) No? Well, he was one of our church saints who was a real man. He loved the people so much that he espoused the Lady Poverty as his bride. Let us take the Lady Liberty as our guide.

LIOVA (grasping Stasya's hand). Aye, we will follow her until all people are free from oppression. (Unnoticed the mother of the household has entered with her seven-branched candlestick, and has proudly heard Liova's words.)

MOTHER. Here is your torch for liberty! (She holds it above her head, then puts it on the table, lights it, puts both hands over her eyes and with head thrown back says a brief prayer under her breath. The young men watch reverently as with encircling motions of the arms she seems to draw the fire toward her heart saying,) In the depths of our souls the fire of freedom burns.

LIOVA. Mother, you shall be Liberty's priestess to keep the fire burning.

MOTHER. The flame shall never die! Now let us pledge our loyalty in a cup of Russian tea. (Goes to samovar and makes tea.)

LIOVA. Yes, let us drink to Liberty. (Passes cups.) To the Lady Liberty I vow my life.

MOTHER (looking into her son's eyes). To her I give my all.

STASYA (clinking his cup on the other two). Across the world I shall follow her if need be. For six months, Liova, you have taught me mathematics, but the ideas that I have learned from you mean much more to me; they will make a new world with a fair chance for everybody. I want to help make that new world. Let's print your little paper "The Star of Liberty" in Russian too. Let's get it into a million homes in Russia. Let's plan now— (A loud knock at the door startles the young men. Before the mother can reach the door it is opened and a Cossack steps in and ceremoniously holds out a paper toward Liova.)

LIOVA (taking ticket from pocket). You see you cannot take me to the army for I drew a blue ticket.

COSSACK. This paper orders me to search these rooms for copies of a paper called "The Star of Liberty." Ah, there it is; ha, ha, ha, see the star!

(Taking paper from table and laughing derisively.) Where do you think this star will lead you?

LIOVA (snatching the paper from his hand). It will lead Russia to liberty. It will free her from such worthless guardians of the state as you! It will lead to a new day when the people shall say what kind of a Russia they want—a Russia with a chance at life for everybody.

COSSACK. You dare defy the government, young man? You are a revolutionaire; I think you are the person for whom we have long been hunting—the editor of "The Star of Liberty." Oh, ho, your star will lead you straight to Siberia. Give me that paper.

LIOVA. No, I will not put it into your cruel hand. I will bring it to the court myself; I will explain its statements and see that it has a fair show. You must take me if you take the paper.

COSSACK (furiously angry, raises his hand to strike). You refuse the orders of the government, you cur?

STASYA (who has not been seen by the Cossack because a screen was between them, now steps forward defiantly, and the Cossack recognizing him, falls back). What, a Russian noble here? Does your father know you are in this house of traitors?

STASYA. My father sent me to this man to learn and I have learnt things for which he did not arrange. Russia is not fair—

COSSACK. What? You a traitor too?

STASYA. I will see my father at once so you need not report to him.

COSSACK. Not report to him? Oh, ho, shall I miss such a chance? So you want a ticket to Siberia too! I came for one, I shall return for several. Goodby. (As the door bangs the mother falls moaning on the breast of Liova.)

MOTHER. Oh Liova, why did you speak? So long you have kept silent. Why did you speak?

STASYA. Quickly I must go to see my father before the Cossack finds him. He can save us from the authorities.

LIOVA. But he will not, and I do not want him to save us from the senseless authorities; tell him to get us passports to America. Oh, Stasya, just to find myself in that great land of liberty with free speech for all! Though they have a high tariff on commodities ideas are free to enter and to spread according to their worth.

STASYA. Yes, you are right, America is the place for you; no more revolutionaries are needed in Siberia and Russia will not let you speak. All right, I'll do my best; be ready when I come back. (Exit.)

LIOVA (putting hands on his mother's shoulders and looking at her lovingly). Now, mother, we'll gather all our treasures to take to America. Oh, won't it be wonderful?

MOTHER. But how can we get to America?

LIOVA. I shall use my university money and yesterday I got some returns on my arithmetic. I will never get any more now. Stasya owes me money too. In America I can go to the university free. Quick, we must get ready.

MOTHER. (going to candlestick). Your light must be put out in Russia, but you shall go to a land where it may shine. (Puts out candle and wraps it in a flannel garment.) How can we leave the samovar? I've heard they make dreadful tea in America. Besides this was a wedding gift from my mother and from her mother and from her mother.

LIOVA. The samovar is part of the family; it would be cruel to leave it for the old Cossack to carry home. (A quilt is spread in the center of the floor and the samovar is emptied, wrapt and put into it.) Shall not the samovar be free, too?

MOTHER. Yes, free to give us good tea though we shall not need it so much over there where we shall be so happy.

LIOVA (going to table and looking lovingly at his books). Now, which of you is worthy to go to America? Kropotkin? Yes. Tolstoi? Yes— (the door bursts open and Stasya enters breathless.)

STASYA. He will not help us; the Cossack got there first; so you must flee. The guards will let you across the border if you pay them. Here is the money I owe you.

MOTHER. No passports?

STASYA. You must leave without them. Sleep in the daytime, travel at night and try guard after guard till one lets you through. Take plenty of food. And now farewell my teacher, my brother. Farewell little mother.

LIOVA. O, come with us; I'm afraid they will persecute you now. Come to the land where you can be true to our Lady Liberty.

STASYA. I shall be true to her here and Russia needs me. Write to me and come back for I promise to have Russia ready to treat you fairly some day soon. Goodby, you to freedom; I to battle. (Exit.)

(Mother covers her face with one hand in prayer a moment, then goes to tie bundle.)

LIOVA. Oh, America, out of the darkness we come to you for the light of freedom to spread over the world. We stretch out our arms to you not for ourselves alone but for the thousands who are crushed under the heel of autocracy. Your torch of Liberty beckons to us. We come with joy and hope.

MOTHER (kneeling by her bundle also stretches out her hands to America). We come with faith, oh welcome us!

SCENE II.

TIME—*A few days after the overthrow of the Czar of Russia.*

Dingy office of a printing shop in a back street of an American city. Walls decorated with both Hebrew and English posters, in one of which the Statue of Liberty is conspicuous. LIOVA *at desk writing by a shaded light. His attitude and actions show that he is feeling deeply what he is writing. Unseen* STASYA *steals in and watches his old friend.*

STASYA (putting his hand on Liova's shoulder with mock ceremony). Sir, you are arrested for—working overtime.

LIOVA (leaping up with fright which quickly turns to joy). Oh, Stasya, how did you come here and why? (Kissing him on both cheeks) Mother, mother, come! My heart's brother, bound for life to my Lady Liberty, how have you fared?

STASYA. Into a dark cell did my Lady lead me. Was it fair? Should not Liberty call to the open air?

MOHER (entering hastily). Can it be Stasya? My other son, welcome.

LIOVA. Did the Czar's arm reach you? But to think that it can never happen again since the arm of the worker now rules Russia. How wonderful!

STASYA. Yes, unbelievable good news.

MOTHER. We must celebrate with a cup of Russian tea, but alas, our samovar is sold for rent.

STASYA. Didn't you have money enough?

LIOVA. Yes, enough to get here, but then it flew. Oh, I had to go into a factory at first and that was slavery, Stasya, pure and simple. I quit to find something else, but before I found it we had to sell our samovar.

MOTHER. But I can make good tea without it; you shall see. (Exit.)

LIOVA. So the Revolution has come.

STASYA. I never dreamt it would come so soon, else I should not have left. But I wanted to see you and the land of our Lady of Liberty. Have you been true to her, Liova?

LIOVA. That I have, but it has cost something even in America. You frightened me tonight, because I have been half-expecting to be arrested.

STASYA. You, arrested in America? Why? You can have committed no crime.

LIOVA. See. (Takes paper from desk.) My "Star of Liberty"!

STASYA. But surely ideas here—America is not afraid of ideas.

LIOVA. Oh, Stasya, Liberty finds few places where she may warm her hands over the fire these days. Can you believe that a young fellow who wrote a fine article for me two months ago is in jail now in a solitary cell, living on bread and water and that I am not allowed to see him or take him food?

STASYA. No,—impossible! They treated me better than that in Russia. I saw my friends and bought my own food.

LIOVA. For two weeks they chained him to the bars of his cell, and kept him standing for eight hours a day with bare feet on the cold stone floor. But that, thank Heaven, has been stopped by the Government.

STASYA. That's it, tell the Goverment, tell the people; I can't believe that America will allow it long.

LIOVA. That is why I am keeping my "Star of Liberty" shining. I hunted out this place where I think the authorities cannot find me. I work for the printer and he lets me do my paper at night. The big papers won't print anything about the political prisoners, and my friend is so young, just a beautiful boy, loving Liberty as we do. I am afraid he will die in prison; he is like a young eagle beating his wings against the cage.

STASYA. And the only thing you can do to help him is to print this little Hebrew paper? The Americans cannot read that, you child.

LIOVA. Of course not, but neither would they read it in English, and ideas spread, Staysa, if you get them out in any language, especially ideas about Liberty. But, oh Stasya, I am afraid that America may face a terrible revolution, because they will not stop to think about the workers; they will not listen to their needs; they ask no questions about their political prisoners. Tonight I have been writing my editorial, listen:

"Oh rulers of America, we of the old world come to you for Liberty. Why are you afraid of our ideas? If they are wrong they cannot go far, and if they are right will you not welcome them? Hear us before it is too late. Your workers are beginning to hear us. They know that there is no true freedom where they are chained to their jobs like feudal serfs. They know there is no true Liberty where a few employers hold in their hands the fate of thousands of men with their wives and children. Let them use their minds and hearts in their work, as well as their skill. Transmute the chains of servitude to the bonds of brotherhood by co-operation. Set free the dreamers in your jails who have come to you with high hopes from other lands; set free your sons who long to break the chains of the workers. If you do not, beware . . ." (Loud knock startles Liova, who goes to the door.)

LIOVA. Good evening. Will you come in? (Enter business-like, well-dressed man.)

ROBINSON. Robinson is my name. I understand you are publishing a little paper here called the "Star of Liberty." May I see it? Oh, here it is. Ha, ha, ha, see the star! Where do you think this star will lead you?

STASYA. Good Heavens, just the words of the Cossack!

LIOVA. It will help to lead America to true liberty. Mr. Robinson meet my friend, just arrived from Russia.

ROBINSON. Straight from Russia, well I declare. That was a fine revolution you had; you knocked the old Czar out of the way, didn't you. But, of course, you left too soon to see that great deed.

STASYA. Yes, I got the news while on the boat, but it seems that I am here in time to see America's revolution.

ROBINSON. Revolution in America? Don't bring your old world ideas over here. We have no Czar.

LIOVA (passionately). Who put those political prisoners in jail for their ideals? Money is America's Czar. Souls and bodies are nothing to men who make money out of them. Those who hold ideals that destroy the autocratic power of employers must go to jail! That is the "liberty" with which America lured us to her shores! Money must be dethroned! But here it can be done by public opinion and the ballot.

ROBINSON. Oh ho, is that what you publish in your Hebrew paper? I have been looking for the editor of that sheet, and I believe I have found him. I have had some of your editorials read to me. They foster disloyalty. Come with me and see what an American judge thinks about your "dethroning" America's liberty to do business as she pleases. (Throws back coat, shows badge, and presents warrant for arrest.)

LIOVA. Good God!

STASYA. He is the Cossack in other clothes!

LIOVA. America's liberty, did you say? Is liberty the right to trample on others, to drag me off to jail for standing for the freedom of all instead of the few? You are making violent revolution; not I. You stifle Liberty; I give her a voice.

ROBINSON. You folks come over here to get what you call liberty, but license and laziness is what you mean. You've got to learn what America means by liberty.

STASYA. Must one go to jail to learn? Is that America's University?

LIOVA (to Stasya). Call my mother. (To officer.) What am I to expect?

ROBINSON. For printing a revolutionary article a Russian recently got thirty years.

LIOVA. I know him. He was not for bloody revolution. The officials were stupid to think so. Perhaps now I can see him and help him! (Enter mother and Stasya.)

MOTHER (appearing with lighted seven branched candlestick in hand). Oh, my boy, are they taking you away? (Places candle on desk.)

LIOVA. Yes, mother, I am a captive not in Babylon or Russia, but in America.

STASYA. And to think that I helped you to come to America to escape Siberia!

ROBINSON. Come, my men are waiting; we came prepared to get you, though we did not know you were the editor.

MOTHER. Oh, what shall I do without my boy?

STASYA. I will see that your mother is cared for, Liova.

LIOVA. Farewell, dear mother; now some day we must travel further to find liberty. But you Stasya, will surely seek the new Russia.

STASYA. No. America needs me more. Shall our Lady Liberty be turned out of her own land? I shall wait for you, brother, and work for you. (As Robinson pulls Liova along Stasya secretly signals to him that he will keep his paper going. Liova waves his hand with joyous understanding.)

MOTHER (taking up her lighted candle). I pledged to give my all to Liberty.

STASYA. Some day our Lady Liberty will come leading him back to you. But we must help her. We own no tyranny but that of Liberty.

MOTHER (lifting up candle). The light of Liberty we must keep glowing! END.

ELEANOR WOOD WHITMAN.

Beyond Democracy

Once the word "Socialism" was up for definition. There was a dispute as to its meaning and we were told that it was not an indefinite term which covered everything to be found in the millennium but a perfectly specific thing, namely public ownership of capital to the extent demanded for the elimination of exploitation. There were to be sure many more things that were desired by socialists and were included in their various programs but if all these miscellaneous items were to be included, the term would become indefinite and would be useless in conversation. For conversation and indeed thought also demand precision in the use of terms.

And now what are we to mean by "Democracy"? Either it is the rule of the majority or it is something still to be defined. Let us be precise, let us insist on precision. To be sure we will lose most of the emotional content from this word if we cease to identify it with the ultimate dreams of the yearning soul of man. But to think is to be moderate and let us be thoughtful above everything.

So "Democracy" is only the rule of the majority. Would a tyrannous rule of the majority still be "Democracy"? Yes. Well then, what would be the difference between a general calling out his army and a demagog calling out his voters. The rule of quantity would have replaced the rule of violence and that would be all. Would that be an improvement? I think so; a little perhaps.

If Democracy be the rule of the majority, and nothing more, then I for one regard Democracy as something which mankind must surpass. It will exist, when it comes, only as a challenge to the progressive.

What is it that we all desire if it be not life and freedom. It is as the instrument by which man seeks to secure these that Democracy comes among us. The ideal government is that which expresses the unanimous desire of the governed. Anything short of unanimity is more or less imperfect. So beyond the mere rule of the majority lies a vista of endless striving for improvement. The majorities will be judged by the way they exercise their power. We shall demand of them that they be real majorities, that they be large and that they deal liberally and moderately with the minorities. Laud Science as we will, if Science does not teach us modesty and freedom from dogmatism, then Science can not save a people or a majority. We can stand a one man tyranny, which corrupts only the one man who exercises it, but can we ever stand for a tyranny which may corrupt more than half a nation?

The greater truth lies never with the majority but with one of the minorities, for it is erroneous to suppose that there is such a thing as a unitary minority. With which minority the greatest truth lies, no majority can ever tell. Only time can separate the ugly ducklings into monsters and swans. The wisdom of the majority will be gauged by its treatment of the ugly ducklings.

No; there will be no finality in the rule of the majority. It will be only a less crass and glaring tyranny than the old one. It will be a step on the road to better things, just as it will be a step on the road from worse things. JOHN J. JOHN.

SELECTED

Another Word From the Ministry

The following letter, written by a young clergyman to the officers of his denomination, on the occasion of his resigning from the ministry, has come into our hands. We print it here, as evidence of what is going on in the churches these days.—THE EDITORS.

My dear Mr. ————:

I wish to thank you for your efforts in my behalf—and offer an explanation of my position. As the telegram stated, it was impossible for me to come to —— on the date you suggested. A business appointment made it impossible.

I wonder, however, if any practical end can be served by my making such a trip. I am already acquainted with you, with Dr. ——, and with Mr. —— and Mr. ——. There is little that I could add to the information already in your hands. I remember with a bit of amusement my first meeting with Dr. ——. He called me to his office and jovially expressed his pleasure at making my acquaintance. He said that he had just received a letter . . . commending me as a "safe man."

In six years my mental attitude has changed somewhat (I see things a bit clearer)—but I am now as safe as I ever was. My faith in, and my loyalty to, the great principles of the —— faith know no bounds and no limitations. I feel that our religion is needed above all other things in this day—and sincerely wish that it might be my privilege to serve that religion. But there is the rub. I doubt if the —— congregation exists anywhere to-day that wants to hear our religion preached. I feel that these congregations have become "impossible," that they are predominantly so far below the vision of our religion that I can find no common ground with them. I may be mistaken, but let me

write frankly so that you may understand me. To serve one of these congregations successfully and satisfactorily requires a timidity and a side-stepping and a compromising that are distasteful to me. The fault is not with our faith—but with the bulk of our people. They are —— only in name. They would be individually much happier if they were listening to some man like Dr. ——, if they were in a church of less exalted ideals—and, I dare say, those ideals would fare better without their nominal support.

In such a frame of mind I doubt both the possibility and the wisdom of trying another church. If I am not mistaken our churches are much alike. If they believed in their religion it would be a different thing; then it would be a glorious thing to go through fire and water for them! But when they are timid and half scared to death at the thought of doing or saying anything unpopular—I feel many grave doubts in my mind. Is it right for a minister to compound his religion? In withdrawing I am moved, not by lack of faith, but by fear that I may be compelled to prostitute a high calling.

What Bothers Roger Babson

Friends who have large business interests will quickly recognize the name of Roger W. Bason as the head of a remarkable statistical organization in Massachusetts, which deals with business conditions and prospects over the whole world. "Babson's Reports" have become an important aid in the safe conduct of business. An interested friend of the *Intelligencer* who receives these reports sends me one of them headed "What Bothers Me," from which I make the following extracts.

After speaking of the policemen's strike in Boston, which he calls "a great mistake," Mr. Babson says:

However, my purpose is not to discuss the Boston police strike, but rather a certain phase of the situation which appears to me every time I go into Boston. Perhaps I can best illustrate what I have in mind by telling of a trip to town yesterday.

I went into one of the largest banks with some securities. Marching up and down in front of the bank were soldiers with rifles. Not only that, but a Negro porter sat in a chair within the door with a belt of cartridges carelessly put around his neck like a string of beads. Everything was guarded as if this were the most sacred spot in America.

After leaving the bank I visited a Washington Street jewelry store, where I exchanged an electric lamp. Here the same procedure was going on, though on a smaller scale. Guards were walking back and forth with guns on their shoulders and belts full of cartridges. Mind you, I don't criticise these soldiers. They were simply obeying the law.

On my way home I went out through Cambridge. On the corner of a street I saw a group of people. It was necessary to slow up my automobile, owing to the congestion. I inquired the cause of the trouble, and learned that a poor family was being evicted from its home. The landlord has put up the price of the rent, and they were put upon the street,—a mother with several children and an old grandmother. It was a sad sight.

Upon reaching my office I took up the day's mail. The first letter was one from a woman inquiring of me the whereabouts of a certain man who had got her daughter into trouble. I will not give the particulars as she gave them to me in her letter, but they were harrowing.

As I sat in my office late last evening the vision of the Bolshevist came to my mind. For the first time I momentarily caught his point of view,—that the government is organized to protect *property* rather than *people*. No soldiers were in Cambridge to protect that poor family which was being evicted from its home. No soldiers were ready to protect that girl or mother from being ruined by a well-known man. But when a bank or store is threatened, the entire State Guard of 7,000 men is immediately called.

This letter is not written in the spirit of criticism. I realize that there can be no blame on the soldiers or the officials. They are simply carrying out the wishes of us who make the laws. The fact, nevertheless, remains that under the laws, as set up to-day, property and capital receive greater respect than health and happiness.

I believe that this fact is the cause of the radical movements of to-day, and that only as we rectify the situation can Bolshevism be curbed. In any city where a telephone call from a poor widow's home will receive the same attention as the telephone call from a prominent jewelry store, there will be no growth of Bolshevism. LET US NOT CRITICISE THOSE WHO ARE PROTECTING PROPERTY, BUT LET US GET BEHIND THOSE WHO ARE INTERESTED IN MAKING HUMAN LIFE HEALTHIER, HAPPIER AND MORE PRODUCTIVE.

Does not this letter go to the root of the trouble in government in the world today,—that the *property* of some is more considered and better protected than the *lives* of others? When five Negroes were lynched in Georgia for a murder of which one avowed that he *alone* was guilty, not a soldier, not even a policeman, was called out. When strikers threaten to set fire to oil-tanks in Bayonne, soldiers and machine-guns are quickly sent to the scene; but when a Georgia mob hangs a Negro mother up by the ankles, soaks her clothing with oil and burns her to death, with tortures too horrible even to tell, not a hand is raised by the State authorities to protect her or to punish her murderers. And yet our alarm is at the growth of Bolshevism,—that is, not at the disregard of human *life*, but at the disregard of the rights of *property*.

"Is not the *life* more than meat? Of how much more value is a *man* than a sheep?"

Friends' Intelligencer.

CORRESPONDENCE

ROBERT BROWNING'S EASY OPTIMISM.

Dear UNITY:

In an editorial note in your issue of December 11, raising the question "where may comfort be found in such a world as this," you go on to set aside the naive optimism of Robert Browning's faith, that

God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world.

I think this line is obviously the young girl, Pippa's faith. Is it not Browning's characteristic that he expresses innumerable phases of human experience? I will hazard a guess that you will come nearer to Browning's own faith if you will read the conclusion of Pompilia's story in "The Ring and the Book." There is nothing "naive" or easy in Pompilia's optimism. It rises out of the terms of the most pathetic tragedy. Moreover, it rests upon the facts of the most profound experience. In finding love she has found God; she henceforth feels the substructure of the spiritual universe under her feet.

I am inclined to question whether we have any reason to think of the world "in which we are living at the present day" as specially different from the older world. One must have lived in a very sheltered community before the Great War, to have used his imagination rather slightly, and hardly to have known history, if he thought that he was living in a civilized world! Every item of material for making the recent catastrophe was obviously present. Pretty nearly all Christendom believed in war more sincerely than they believed in their "Christ." The wonder of the reality of faith in all times is, that it has lived and actually thriven in the face of every kind of outward opposition. As sure as there is a spiritual universe, or, "as sure as God is," this inner reality has never been as-

sailed or controverted by the mere fact of the existence of a realm of seeming chaos. On the contrary, the mystery of the spiritual life has always behaved as if its business was to transform chaos into order and beauty; chaos indeed provides it with material and opportunity. Is this not what we mean in daring to say that we are the witnesses, and sharers too, in a vast process of evolution?

I wonder if it is not a "fad" just now to question the reality of God, and to throw doubt upon the reality of any *eternal* basis for optimism, while at the same time, men talk of "God in and through themselves"? They deem it a worn out "old fashion" stoutly to affirm a faith in God, and they enjoy a new fashion of assuming almost jauntily that man is "Captain of his soul," and able perchance to save the world all by himself and without God, or even with the encumbrance of a blundering and imperfect God, who may fail of his purpose, without man.

I suspect, however, if we may take the wonderful venture of faith in God and man and the universe at all, we do better in our philosophy, and our practice also, when we dare to be thorough-going in our optimism. If in any honest and valid sense we are going to talk about God in us, or in history, about the authority of conscience, about ideals, about the eternal values of love, we might as well open our eyes squarely to see that, so far as we believe in any reality, there can be no limit to it; it is whatever the words "infinite" and "absolute" mean; it is no slight holiday phase of human life; it is no mere poetry; it is no affair of man's slight power, as if he had created himself or possessed anything that he did not just learn or receive at the hands of the creative mother, Nature, but it is higher and more beautiful than all man's thought; it is the bottommost fact, as well as the one true way of life; once seen it fills our whole sky with light. True! It demands, or rather expects, our undivided service, the cheerful and complete commitment and cooperation of our wills. But this is precisely the nature of wholesale and thorough-going reality. Let us not then be afraid to trust it, and wholly, if we trust it at all, as the good seaman trusts himself to his chart and his compass. Let us follow all its costly implications, and let us only give up our faith when we discover that, after honestly trying it out, it has failed. We have heard of people "losing their faith" by giving it only a half-hearted consent; who ever heard of a man losing his faith by reason of facing losses, or pain, or death, in obeying its voice.

Now, the most marvelous fact in human experience is the report, reiterated by a whole host of spiritual and ethical pioneers and voyagers, that comfort and peace and even gladness have never been lacking to the men and women who have lived, as if in the presence of God.

May I add, that I write in no disputatious or unsympathetic mood toward those friends who seem to me at times to be playing about the edges of negation. The word "God" has often been used in so bare and chilly a sense that I cannot wonder that many minds have lost all sense of reality in it. I recognize in the positive and constructive part of your editorial note a much nearer approach to a hearty and confident faith than in many a tome which argues, like one beating the air, to demonstrate the God of the Creeds.

CHARLES F. DOLE.

December 24, 1919.

News from Europe

China and Germany.

From the *Manchester Guardian* comes the following interesting article:

China, who refused to sign the Treaty of Versailles, has now declared herself at peace with Germany. Her view, apparently, is that there is no occasion for a separate treaty. The only territorial question between herself and Germany relates to Shantung, and that has been settled by the Allies, despite China's protests, in favor of Japan. There is little, therefore, that China need think of except the German interests and the German subjects within her own borders, and the telegrams indicate that she has decided, as might be expected, to consult her own advantage in dealing with them; she will release all war prisoners who are held in detention, and she will refuse to continue to former enemy subjects the extra-territorial rights which they used to enjoy. But the making of peace with Germany is really a small and an easy thing for China; much more important for her future is the question whether she will or will not join the League of Nations. At Paris she refused to sign the treaty except with the reservation that this should not prevent her from bringing the Shantung settlement before the League for revision, and to this the Conference would not agree. But, after the Conference had refused the reservation, the next best thing would be for China to join the League in any case. It is indeed very unlikely that the Powers which imposed the Shantung settlement would in the immediate future be willing to modify it in China's favor, but the League does provide certain means by which China could bring up her grievances, secure their discussion, and keep them before the world. If not worth a great deal, it is still a right worth having, just as the much criticized Clause X would give China the protection of the League against external aggression. If the League comes to anything, China is one of the Powers which should most benefit by its activity, and for that reason, when it has been shown that the League means business, she will probably join.

"A Portentous Piece of Political Humbug."

Mr. L. J. Maxse, and his monthly, the *National Review,* are known to few Americans. In Unionist circles in England he is sometimes regarded as a "live wire." It was Mr. Maxse who told us how he assisted Asquith and his cabinet to make up their minds about going to war in 1914. He it was who procured the memorable meeting of the Unionist leaders on the night of August 1, with the result that Mr. Bonar Law wrote to Asquith pledging the support of his Unionist colleagues if the government would support France and Russia.

The following excerpt is taken from a recent article on the League of Nations from Mr. Maxse's pen:

We can assure Americans that outside our Front Benches, whose occupants are, generally speaking, "back numbers"—and Pacifist circles—the League of Nations has no visible following in these islands. It is impossible to mention it anywhere in public or in private without provoking a smile. It is a portentous piece of political humbug which would not survive one serious discussion. Therefore it is undiscussed at Westminster. Unfortunately for the League's prospects, the Republican Party in the United States not only insist on discussing it, but are in a position to destroy it. At the outset Mr. Wilson elected to ignore the Senate when he went to Paris, and his journalists gave us to understand that the Senate was a negligible factor, and that the President was, so to speak, "it." Kaiser Wilhelm's autocracy was a joke to that of "Kaiser Wilson," as he has been called by angry Americans. It is time the British press showed more discernment in discussing the politics of Washington, and abandoned the delusion that every Anglo-American problem is solved by chanting "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." At this moment, to use an expressive Americanism, Diana cuts little enough ice abroad and still less at home.

Britain's Russian Policy.

The following editorial from the *Manchester Guardian* is the most enlightening statement we have seen on the conditions provoked in Britain and Russia by Mr. Churchill's policy. It asks:

Have we a policy in Russia? Do we know what we want, and, if we do, what is it? Mr. Wedgwood tried to prevent the Government from sending their latest consignment of the most improved murderous instruments for the destruction of Bolsheviks. It professes to be the last as well as the latest. But is it? And if it is worth while to send a trifle of £15,000,000 worth (which, however, Mr. Churchill assures us would sell in the present depressed war market for a good deal less), why not go on with our subsidies? Why not finish what we have begun? If it was worth the £100,000,000 which almost certainly we have spent first and last on making war on one kind of Russians since we ceased to have to make war on Germans, why should we not go on manfully and see the good work through? Is it because we know in our hearts that it is not a good work, but a bad and foolish work, or is it because we have grown tired of well-doing, or because we are ashamed to own up that we have made a great mistake and because we are determined, rather than own up, to throw good money after bad—not too much of it, only just so much as it is thought the country will stand at a time when debts and deficits are a good deal more plentiful than the cash to meet them? On all these points information would be welcome, but the debate did not produce it, and wild horses will not drag it out of Ministers. The Prime Minister has said some very good and wise things about Russia; he has also said some very bad and foolish things. . . . Mr. Bullitt has produced powerful evidence of the Prime Minister's disavowed good sense; he himself went far last April towards letting us into the secret. But apparently his associates have been too strong for him, or he has not thought it worth while to try a fall with them. That is the worst of having bad associates.

But though a policy of drift be politically expedient, it does not follow that it is wise or patriotic. After all, it is not a small thing that this country should be making irregular war on a great part of what was the Russian Empire without having informed either the people attacked or its own people of the precise grounds on which it supposes itself to be justified in this singular proceeding, or having given us, who have to foot the bill in blood and money, any clear statement of the objects it has in view and the means by which it proposes to attain them. Mr. Churchill had an excellent opportunity of imparting this information, but he prudently did not take advantage of it. The nearest approach he made towards justifying the policy of which he is the most prominent advocate in the Ministry was to tell the House a cock-and-bull story of a threatened invasion by Bolshevik forces of the border States, whose newborn independence it was our duty to assert and defend, and to claim Denikin and Koltchak as the powerful allies which enabled these infant communities, with the aid of money and arms supplied by us, to defend their threatened liberties against the invader. There never was such an invasion except in so far as our attacks, or threatened attacks, made defensive measures necessary. On the contrary, one of the first steps taken by the Bolshevik Government was to declare that any of the border States which desired to be independent could be independent. The truth, of course, is that Bolshevism has little regard for political frontiers, and is wholly free from the annexationist tendencies of the older militarist and autocratic and some, it must be added, of the newer and professedly democratic nations. Its invasion is of a different order. It is an invasion of ideas, and it is this invasion which we are in fact seeking to resist. Mr. Churchill, to do him justice, when not engaged in making an official statement, has been quite frank about this. He is honestly and terribly afraid, and, having apparently no conception of the methods by which ideas can be effectively combated, has all along clamored for war to stem the Bolshevik tide. Of course he has only strengthened and concentrated it. His policy and that of those who have sided with him has united Bolshevik Russia as nothing else could have united it. The older revolutionaries, the men like Prince Kropotkin, whose quarrel was with a tyranny and not with a whole system of social organization, have rallied to the Bolshevik Government and rendered it invaluable aid just because for the time being it stands for the independence of Russia against unwarranted foreign intervention, and because even a Bolshevik Government, which at least is native, is, in their eyes, to be preferred to any which can be imposed by aid of a foreign fleet and foreign subsidies, and foreign supplies of poison-gas and tanks, and the latest thing in aeroplanes and bombs, with foreigners to man them.

There is another aspect of the matter. We are at present engaged in starving a large part of Russia. It is not a pleasant task, but we are told that it is to be indefinitely continued. It will not be indefinitely continued. It is revolting to the good feeling and every humane instinct of the British people, and they will permit it for not a day longer than they can help. They will require an account from the Government of this monstrosity, and they will require it at every election. Recently certain Swedish Socialists, or Labor men, offered to take into their homes some thousands of children from Russia in order to save them from destruction. It was not permitted, and the reason it was not permitted is stated to have been the threatened forcible intervention of our fleet had the attempt been made. It would be interesting to know the precise facts about this. It is a kind of thing which public opinion here does not favor. Even as a measure of war against an avowed and powerful enemy it would hardly be approved. But facts are just the things which it is hardest to get hold of in all this evil business. It is a fact that the Bolshevik Government has made overtures for peace, yet the Government does its utmost to conceal or deny this. Mr. Bullitt said so, and gave the terms, which were, in the main, quite reasonable terms. Mr. Goode confirmed this. Mr. Malone, also just back from Russia, repeated the same statement in Wednesday's debate. If these terms are regarded as unsatisfactory, what terms would the Government regard as satisfactory? It is time we knew before we proceed with the starvation.

Invisible Censorship.

The *Manchester Guardian* of November 12 published the following cable from its New York correspondent:

It may interest you to know that some sort of invisible censorship has been at work as a result of which the American people have not yet had the opportunity to read the full text of Mr. Lloyd George's speech on Russia. European Liberals cannot expect any help from America at the present time in the solution of the Russian problem; the reactionary propaganda has been too strong and too effective; but they can expect an acceptance of any sensible lead given by the British Government. There is just one phase of the Russian problem that interests the great bulk of the American people, and that is whether once peace were made the Bolsheviks would conduct a revolutionary propaganda in this country. If negotiations be undertaken and substantial guarantees obtained on this point America will almost certainly support a movement for peace with Russia.

Who is it in our democratic government that has put the full report of Lloyd George's speech on the literary black list?

Industrial Unrest.

Professor J. B. Baillie, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Aberdeen University, recently delivered the fourth of a series of public lectures arranged by the Department of Industrial Administration at the Manchester College of Technology. Professor Baillie, who acted as arbitrator in disputes during the war, spoke on industrial unrest.

Unrest in itself, he said, was not wholly an evil. Men were not discontented merely for the sake of being discontented. It was a mistake to suppose that unrest implied danger to the stability and unity of the community. Properly understood, it was just the reverse. Dissatisfaction with present conditions was a condemnation of the lack of stability and harmony which should prevail in a healthy community. The men who had ground for complaint had at the same time a sense of obligation to the community, and they also felt that the community as a whole was under an obligation to them. Another invaluable effect of the state of unrest was the creation, on a scale unknown before, of a sense of the brotherhood of labor and the inculcation of the principle that labor was a special service. The worker felt an instinctive need to preserve his manhood from being crushed on the wheel of mechanical routine.

H. S. N.

THE FIELD

The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

THE ANARCHIST DEPORTATIONS.

To champion the legal rights of the anarchist in America today is to invite almost universal obloquy. There is a widespread fear that the bonds of habit, of loyalty and of patriotism which held society together before the war, have been loosened by five terrible years of conflict and it is perhaps natural that we should regard with unreasoning hatred the man who openly proclaims that those bonds are the chains of slavery, and bids us rise and cast them off. It is not entirely surprising that whenever we see the mild and well-meaning philosopher who reads Tolstoi and Kropotkin and Ferrer, we clothe him in the terrifying garb of a red-handed bomb-thrower. . . .

Yet a policy has been pursued by Congress and the Administration which must force those who have any respect for American traditions to take the unpopular side, and insist that even where anarchists are concerned the principles of liberty of speech and opinion and of due process of law which are embedded in our constitutional structure must not be set aside. That no man shall be held to account merely for his opinions, however obnoxious they may be, that no man shall be deprived of his liberty without a fair judicial trial, these are among the fundamentals of true Americanism. Yet in the case of aliens even suspected of anarchist sympathies, they are being flagrantly violated.

Under acts of Congress as they are now interpreted and enforced by the Bureau of Immigration, and sustained in the lower federal courts, any person who is not a citizen of the United States, however long he may have been a resident, however peaceable and law-abiding he may have been, may be summoned before an inspector of the Bureau of Immigration and subjected to an inquisition into his beliefs. He may prove that he has never advocated, and does not believe in, violence, disobedience to law, or active opposition to the government. He may be a non-resistant, a philosophic anarchist, a follower of Tolstoi and Kropotkin, he may never have taken a single active step toward bringing about the state-less millennium for which he yearns. Not for what he has done, not even for what he has publicly advocated, but for his private opinions as extracted in a governmental inquisition, he can be banished from the United States. He is entitled to no trial by jury in a court of justice. The usual safeguards of due process of law are denied him. Even the issue of his citizenship may be conclusively passed upon by the immigration inspector and his administrative superiors. The only jurisdiction the courts can exercise is through the mechanism of a writ of habeas corpus to ascertain that the immigration inspector gave the suspect a hearing, and the opportunity (generally illusory because of the suspect's poverty) of representation by counsel, that he did not misinterpret the law, and there was some evidence upon which he could act.

A few illustrations, taken from the records of the deportation inquisitions, will show that this picture is not overdrawn.

David Horwath is a member of the I. W. W., but no evidence is presented that he has ever violated even a police ordinance. Under examination he admitted that he believes in organizing the working class to take over the industries of the country. He believes in a general strike. He does not believe in violence or force. "Don't you think a strike or lockout is force?" he is asked. "I don't know." He does not believe in bomb plots. "Do you believe in God?" "No." He is ordered deported. . . .

Kalman Pantek is also a member of the I. W. W. He once studied to be a priest. "I learnt from the priest, God made man free." He says he believes in the Bible: "If you do not work, you do not eat." He does not believe in anarchism. Philosophical anarchism "is good for a dream, and may be four thousand years from now." People would have to be angels to make it work. He does not approve of the Bolsheviki, because they have established a dictatorship. He also is ordered deported.

Joseph Lesko, too, has joined the I. W. W., which he understands to mean "more wages and shorter hours." He believes the workers should take control of industry "Then you think we won't need any government at that time?" "If the people want the government they can give their votes for the government." Since all the people will "run things" it will not be necessary to use force. "Do you believe in internationalism?" "Yes." "Do you believe there ought to be an organization representing all the countries of the world?" "I do not think." "Have not any idea?" "Well, I cannot tell you." He is likewise ordered deported.

Louis Gyori also believes that the workers should control industries, either through the I. W. W. or the A. F. of L. or some other body. There will be local and national workmen's councils. "Who would belong?" "Workers." "What would become of the other people?" "Everyone would work." — — — "Would there be any money, or would we just buy everything with our own work?" "I cannot tell that at the present time." He does not know when the revolution will come, but is certain it will come only when the majority want it. He hopes it will come without violence. He does not believe in killing officials. "That would be madness." He does not consider himself an anarchist, because he believes in organization. He, too, is ordered deported, the report of the inspector adding "Very careful and steady questioning was necessary to bring out the alien's beliefs, political and industrial."

Finally there is the case of Frank R. Lopez, a Spaniard who has acted, without pay, as distributing agent of the publishing house connected with the "Modern School" of the late Francisco Ferrer. His case has been brought by habeas corpus into the federal courts, and will be argued before long in the Supreme Court of the United States. He has distributed Spanish literature, including books and papers on the labor movement and philosophic anarchism. The following is an extract from the inquisition before the immigrant inspector:

"'Do you believe or advocate the overthrow by violence or force of the Government of the United States?' 'No, sir.'

"'Any other government, Spanish, or Italian, or Mexican?' 'No, sir; our ideals are founded on education.'

"'What are your ideals?' 'Free thinking.'

"'Don't you believe in the power of authority?' 'What do you mean?'

"'Organized government. Don't you think if the President gives an order when Congress empowers him that it should be obeyed?' 'Yes, the orders should be obeyed.'

"'Do you believe in the propriety of assassination of public officials of the United States or any other government?' 'No, sir, not only of officials but of nobody. Everybody has a right to live.'

"'Do you believe in anarchy?' 'What do you mean by anarchy?'

"'Well, it would be anarchy to fight against the laws of the United States; tear down buildings, blow them up.' 'Anything else? I believe in anarchy, but not in the way you explain it, or the way the newspapers say anarchy is. Anarchy the way the newspapers explain it, assassinating women and children, dropping bombs, or anything like that, I don't believe in that. But I believe in teaching, educating and telling the people to better their conditions. If you mean that, I am proud of being an anarchist. I am against killing and against destruction. We are to construct.'"

Lopez, also, has been ordered deported, and the order has been sustained both in the federal district court and the circuit court of appeals.

How such cases will fare in the Supreme Court remains to be seen. . . .

While the Supreme Court has not hesitated to spread the protecting mantle of the Constitution over property rights by the broadest possible construction of general terms, the recent free speech decisions indicate that where fundamental personal rights are at stake the tendency is to whittle down those general terms by narrow construction. Nor can it be denied that the more vociferous part of public opinion would support a decision denying the most fundamental constitutional rights, so long as the victim is an alien with radical sympathies. Indeed the clamor in some quarters has been that the Bureau of Immigration has been too lenient, that it has been too solicitous of the rights of aliens, that it has not been ruthless enough. The amazing proposal is made that the power to order a deportation should be conferred, not on the Bureau of Immigration, where it now rests, nor on the courts, where it rightly belongs, but on the Department of Justice. Apparently it is believed that a Department which is accustomed to the role of prosecutor will have fewer conscientious and constitutional scruples when it undertakes

the role of judge. Yet it is impossible to believe that the average American, brought up to believe that in this country if nowhere else opinions are free, accustomed to the spirit of fair play in judicial procedure, and with an ingrained detestation of Tsarist administrative methods, will in the long run tolerate such governmental outrages. If we do not repent and expiate the anarchist deportations and sedition prosecutions of 1919, as we repented and expiated the prosecutions under the alien and sedition laws of 1798, our national worship of liberty and due process of law will indeed have a hollow sound.

The New Republic.

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